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COMIC

# COW

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NO.1

# PUNCHER

## COMICS

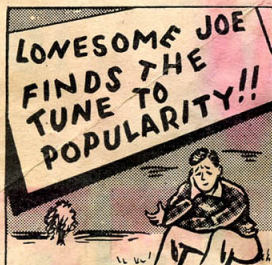






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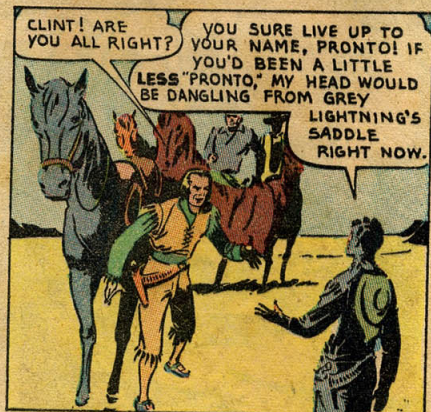
# THE TEXAS RANGER

ALL THE WORLD HATES A  
TRAITOR!---AND CLINT CORTLAND,  
TEXAS RANGER, WAS NO  
EXCEPTION! INTO THE JAWS OF  
DEATH, INTO THE HEART OF  
COMANCHELAND, WENT CLINT  
CORTLAND, ON THE TRAIL OF  
THE SNAKE KNOWN AS.....

**THE WHITE COMANCHE**









I LEARNED FROM FRIEND IN GREY LIGHTNING TRIBE THAT THEY GET NEW GUNS. I LEARN FROM BOSS YOU INVESTIGATE GREY LIGHTNING COUNTRY!-IT ADD UP TO CLINT'S HEAD...WHETHER IT STAY ON OR COME OFF!

THANK THE LORD YOU'RE GOOD IN MATH, PRONTO!...I LIKE YOUR KIND OF ADDITION!



THANK PRONTO FOR US GETTIN' HERE IN TIME, CLINT! PRONTO'S GOT A BIG EAR WHEN IT COMES TO HEARIN' OF GUN-RUNNIN'!

I ALREADY THANKED PRONTO, BOSS! IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.



TUSH! 'TWARNT' NOTHIN'! NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE...DID YOU FIND OUT WHO'S BACK O'THIS GUN-RUNNIN'?

NOTHING MORE'N IT'S A WHITE MAN WHOSE MAKING BLOOD MONEY...



GETTING GUNS ISN'T DOING THE INDIANS ANY GOOD...BECAUSE THEY CAN'T STOP THE WHITES FROM MOVING WEST WITH JUST A COUPLE OF RIFLES. THEY AREN'T DOING THE WHITES ANY GOOD, BECAUSE A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE GETTING KILLED FOR NO GOOD REASON.

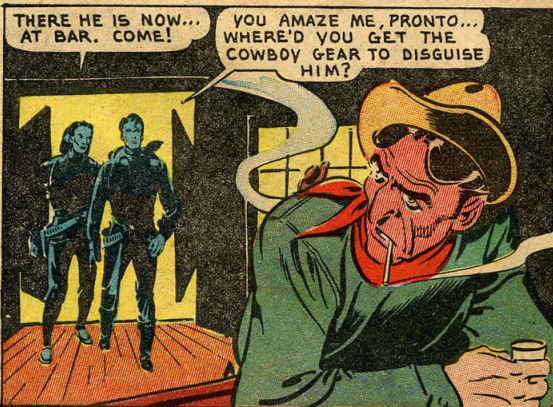


THIS SKUNK KNOWS EVERY MOVE THE RANGERS'RE MAKING...HE'S LEARNIN' THINGS FROM INSIDE!

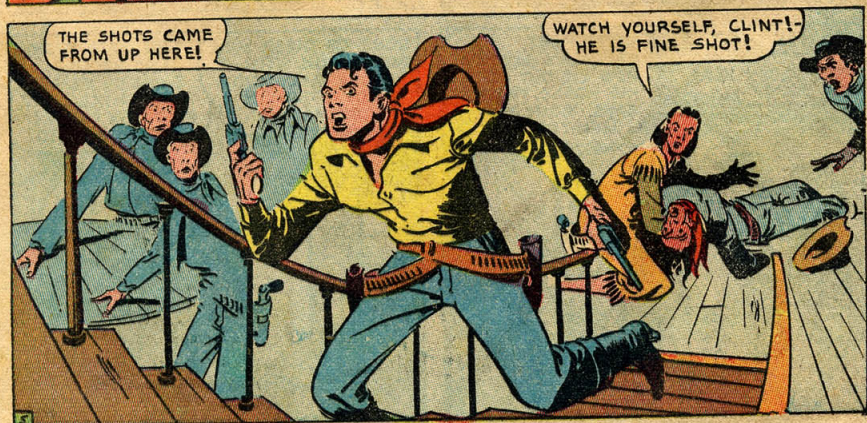
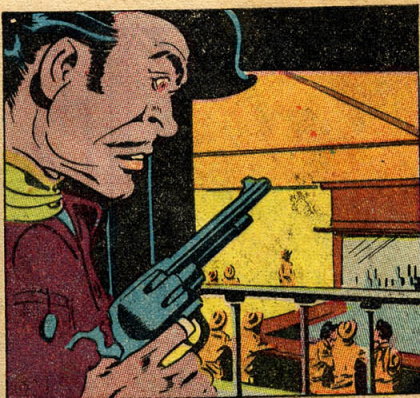
SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE! WONDER WHO COULD BE DEVIL ENOUGH TO DO IT?



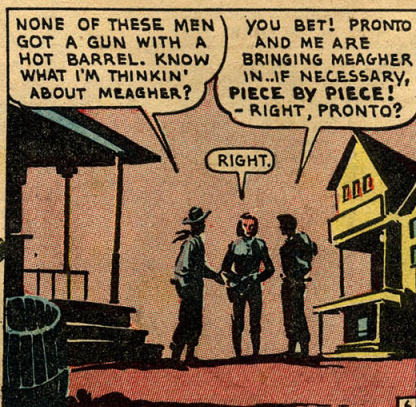
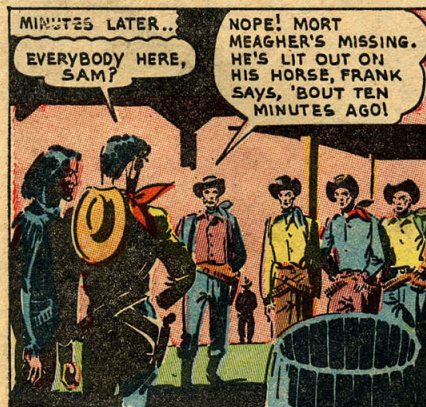
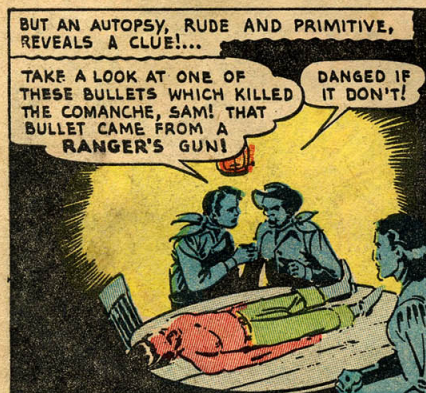














THAT EVENING, MANY MILES AWAY..

THEY WERE BOUND TO FIND OUT! NOW GREY LIGHTNING'S GOT TO HELP ME..LIKE I HELPED HIM!



THIS TORCH IS OUR SIGNAL. GREY LIGHTNING'S BRAVES WILL RESPECT IT AND LET ME PASS INTO THE CAMP!



IT'S YOUR FRIEND...MEAGHER! I COME TO SPEAK WITH GREY LIGHTNING..



WELL, WHITE HOUND, NOT EXACTLY, GREY LIGHTNING. NOT WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME? YOU NOW. ER-THE RANGERS KNOW WHEN GUNS COME? KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.



AT THE SAME TIME, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

SILENTLY, CLINT! WE'RE IN GREY LIGHTNING'S COUNTRY. TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHING QUICKLY..IN A SECOND I'LL MAKE A COMANCHE OUT OF YOU!...

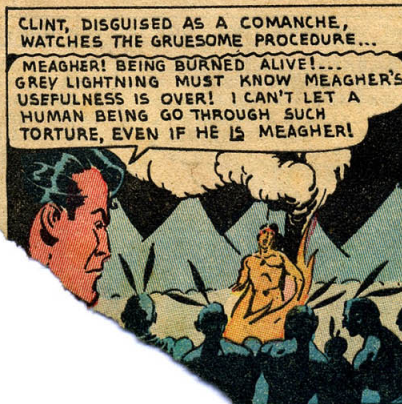
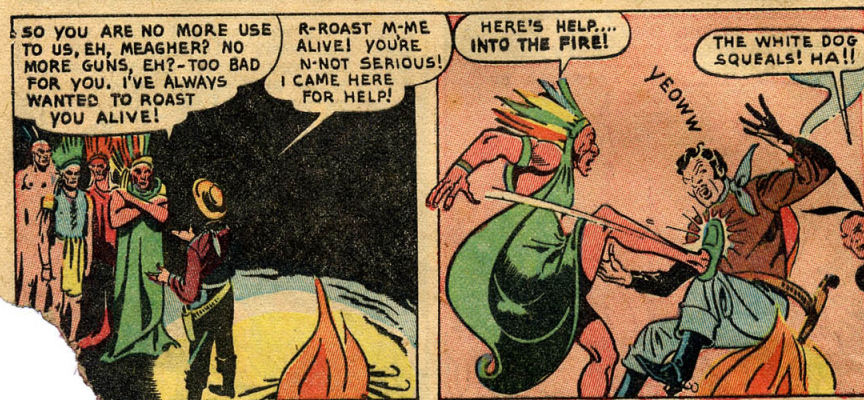
HMM...I DON'T LIKE BEING A COMANCHE EVEN FOR A SECOND!



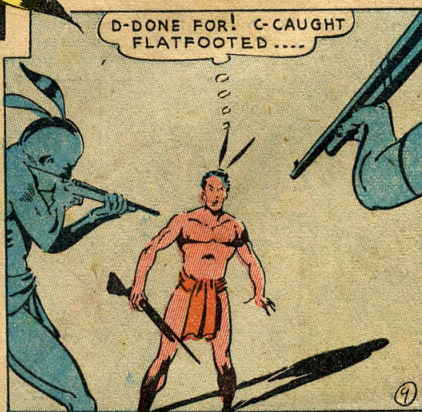
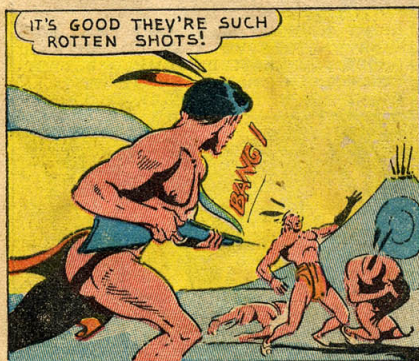
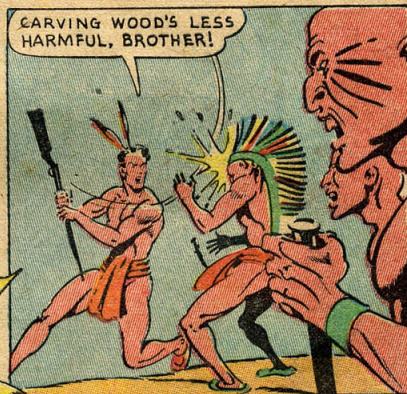
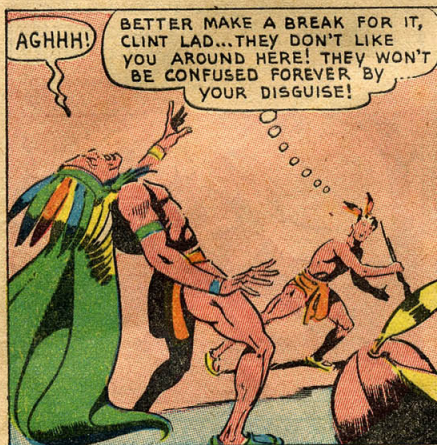
NOT ALL COMANCHE LIKE LIGHTNING, CLINT! SOME ALL INDIANS WILL BE



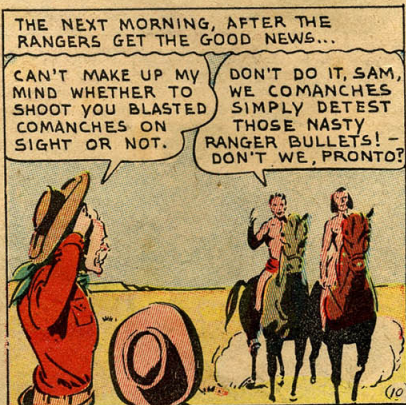
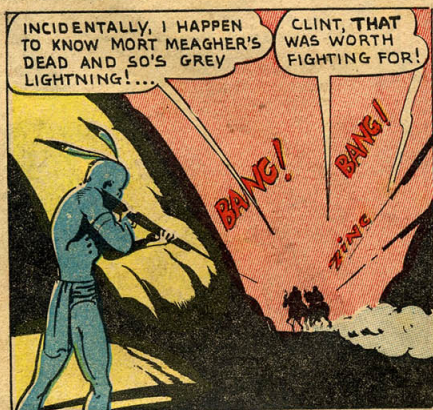














# KNIGHT OF THE NORTH

BOB  
JANNSEN



SERGEANT KEN KNIGHT OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE CAME SINGLEHANDED INTO A LAND OF FEROCIOUS SAVAGERY...THE EASTERN ARCTIC REGIONS OF CANADA. HE WENT NOT AS AN EXPLORER BUT AS A POLICEMAN CARRYING OUT THE BRAVE TRADITIONS AT THE "SCARLET FORCE" FOR SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDEST, MOST DESOLATE AREA IN THE WORLD, KNIGHT OF THE NORTH MEANT TO FIND "THE ARCTIC ASSASSIN !!!!!"

ONE MORNING, AS AN ARCTIC STORM RAGES OVER NORTHERN BAFFIN ISLAND....

MR. JOHNSON...THESE HUNTER SAY STORM WORSE WHERE YOU WANT GO. THINK WE GO BACK!

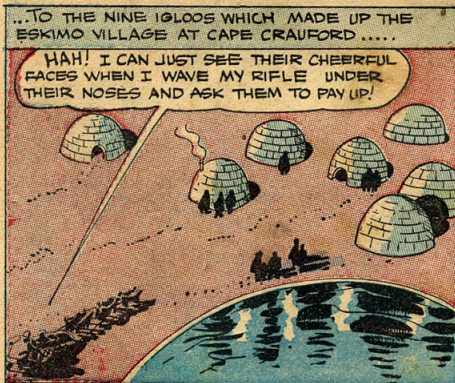
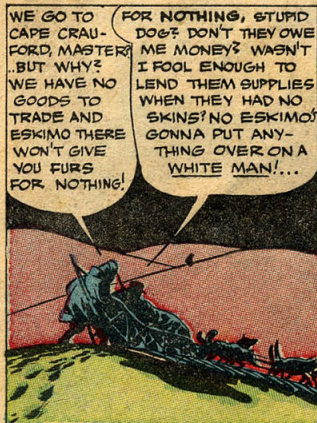
"WELL, WE'VE GOT TO TURN BACK... AN IDIOT CAN SEE THAT! BETTER THAN PEGGING OUT ON THE WAY... GOT TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR, TOO MANY PEOPLE TO PAY BACK FOR THE RAW DEAL THEY HANDED ME!"



WHAT IF I CAN'T GET UP THERE TO TRADE? DON'T THESE ROTTEN ESKIMOS OWE ME ENOUGH FOR THE GIFTS I GAVE THEM YEARS AGO? WELL, THIS YEAR THEY'RE PAYING IF IT'S THE LAST THING THEY DO!



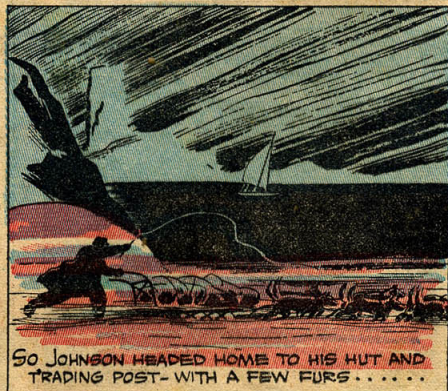














SIX MONTHS LATER...AN ESKIMO FROM CAPE CRAWFORD VISITS MOUNTY HEADQUARTERS....



HELLO, KNIGHT. I ASKED YOU IN BECAUSE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE BAFFIN ISLAND GEOGRAPHY. I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO NUKUHLA'S STORY...

OF COURSE, SIR...

NUKUHLA TELLS HOW HE FOUND TWO BODIES DESTROYED BY JOHNSON, THE TRADER - AND HOW HIS VILLAGE WANTS PUNISHMENT FOR THE KILLER ....

... JOHNSON MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE; JUSTICE EXISTS FOR BOTH ESKIMO AND WHITE MAN ALIKE, NO MATTER HOW WILD THE COUNTRY IN WHICH HE LIVES!



I'LL GET HIM, SIR!... MAY I USE NUKUHLA AS MY GUIDE?

A MONTH LATER, THE EXPEDITION ENCOUNTERS THE BRUTAL OPPOSITION OF NATURE....

IT'S BEST TO TURN BACK, SIR! THE WAY TO JOHNSON'S POST SEEMS CLOSED BY ICE, AND THE STORM IS TOO STRONG!



AND WAIT A YEAR TILL WE REACH JOHNSON! NO, NUKUHLA! WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES GETTING THERE!



I HAVE SEEN STORMS, BUT THIS IS THE WORST, SERGEANT KNIGHT!

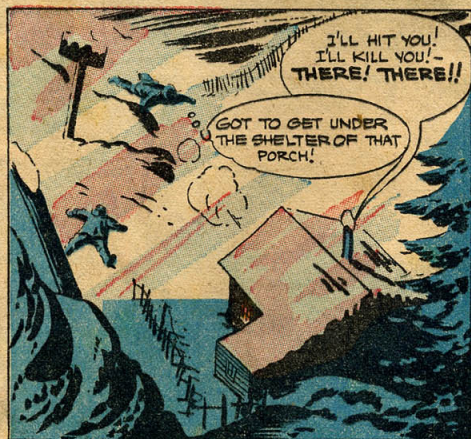
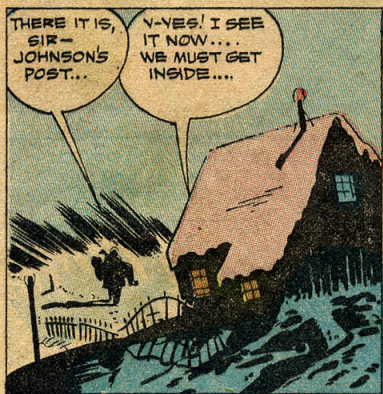
LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT THE LAST...FOR US! THAT WOULD BE MUCH TOO LUCKY FOR JOHNSON!

FINALLY, THE ICE BLOCKS THE WAY..!

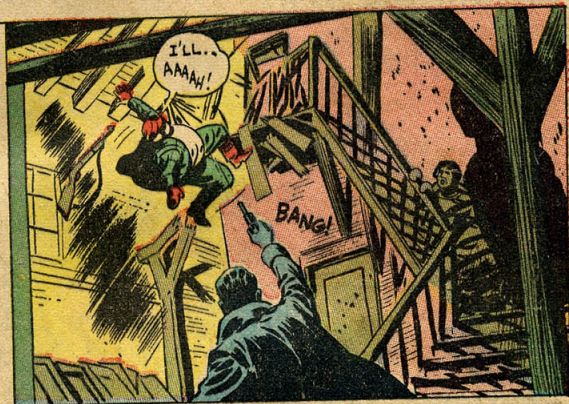
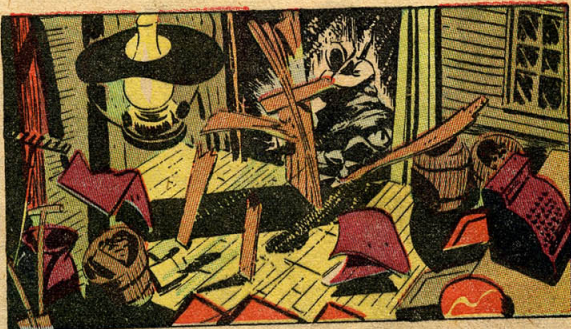
WE'RE USING THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO JOHNSON'S. YOU WAIT HERE FOR US!...













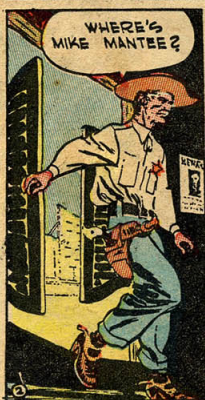
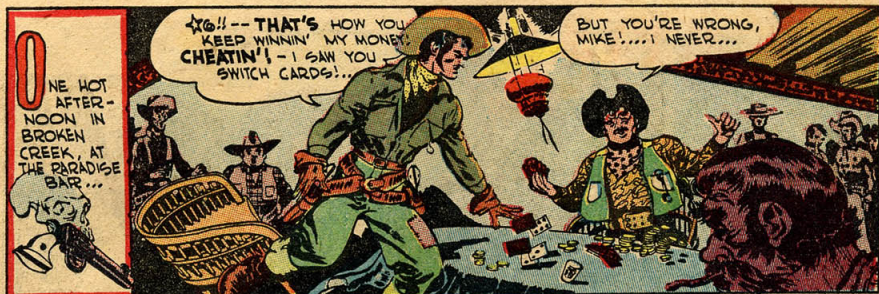
# ALABAM



**B**ROKEN CREEK WAS A CEMETERY FOR SHERIFFS! THERE WAS SOMETHING DEADLY FOR THE LAW IN ITS ATMOSPHERE UNTIL ALABAM SAUNTERED INTO TOWN, EACH PALM RESTING ON A GUNBUTT! BUT WHO KNOWS HOW ALABAM'S BATTLE WOULD'VE TURNED OUT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A CERTAIN

## SPLIT-SECOND STAND IN!









BLUFFING, AM I? AM I?  
DOES THIS FEEL LIKE  
A BLUFF?



HE WAS OLD ENOUGH  
TO DIE, ANYWAY. I TAKE  
HIM OUT AND BURY  
HIM!

YOU  
BET,  
MIKE!



MRS. HYLER... SHERIFF HYLER  
WENT INSIDE THE PARADISE  
AND ALL WE HEARD WERE  
GUNSHOTS!

GOD'S MERCY... IF  
SOMETHING HAPPENED  
TO JOHN...



YEAH, IT'S THE  
SHERIFF, MRS.  
HYLER. HE GOT  
IN THE WAY OF  
LEAD... ACCIDENTAL  
LIKE!

MIKE MANTEE  
DIDN'T MEAN  
TA DO IT... HIS  
TRIGGER KINDA  
SLIPPED!



HEY! WHAT YA DOIN'  
WITH THAT GUN?  
LEAVE IT ALONE...

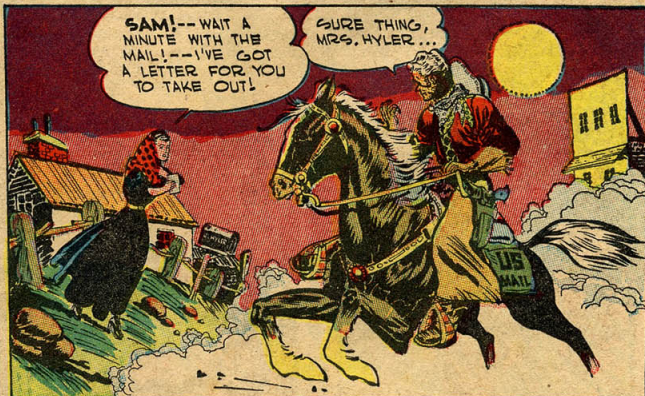


WHERE'S  
M-MANTEE?

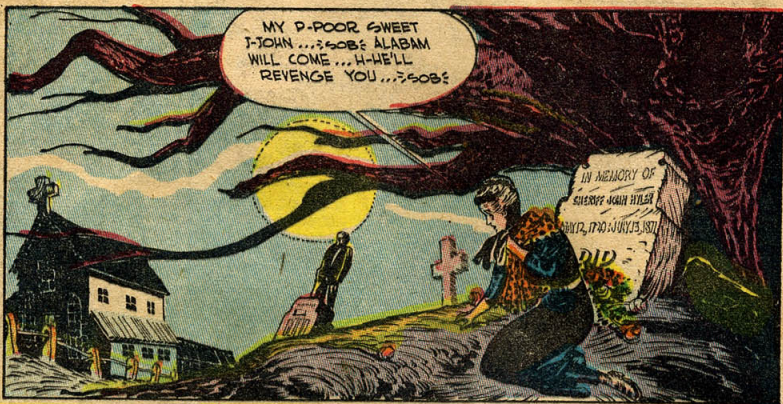


MIKE! THE OLD  
LADY'S COMIN'  
AFTER YOU!









**A** WEEK LATER...IN THE HEART OF THE TEXAS COUNTRY...

**A**ND AT SUNSET...

UNCLE JOHN DEAD?  
--IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--  
WHO'D WANT TO KILL  
SO SWEET AND GOOD  
A MAN?

HEY ALABAM!  
WHAT'S EATIN'  
YAR YAIN'T SAID  
A WORD ALL  
DAY! YER GAL  
MARRY A YANKEE  
ER SOMETHIN'?

UH-UH,  
TEX!  
MUCH  
WORSE!

SOMEBODY KILLED MY  
UNCLE JOHN, THE SHERIFF  
AND I'M TAKIN' HIS PLACE!  
THIS GOODBYE TEX--  
ISN'T THAT SOMETHING TO  
BE SAD ABOUT?

**GOSH**

ALABAM! YOU  
GONNA BE A  
DAH-GONE  
SHERIFF?

**S** O THE  
NEXT DAY,  
ALABAM LEFT  
THE PLAINS  
OF MIGHTY  
TEXAS...  
AND WENT TO  
BROKEN  
CREEK TO  
BECOME ITS  
NEW SHERIFF



A GRAND MAN  
WORE THAT  
STAR, ALABAM...

I'M NOT FORGETTING  
IT, AUNT HILDA.  
THE ONLY STARS  
I'M USED TO,  
TWINKLE IN THE  
SKY...BUT THIS  
ONE MEANS A  
LOT MORE...

REMEMBER ONE  
NAME--MIKE  
MANTEE! REPEAT  
ONE SENTENCE--  
MIKE MANTEE  
KILLED MY  
UNCLE!

I PROMISE  
YOU--MY  
FIRST ACT  
AS SHERIFF  
OF BROKEN  
CREEK WILL  
BE TO BRING  
MANTEE TO  
JUSTICE!







HE DON'T BOTHER ME NONE! IF HE DOES, HE'LL WIND UP IN A DIFFERENT PARADISE, ALTOGETHER!

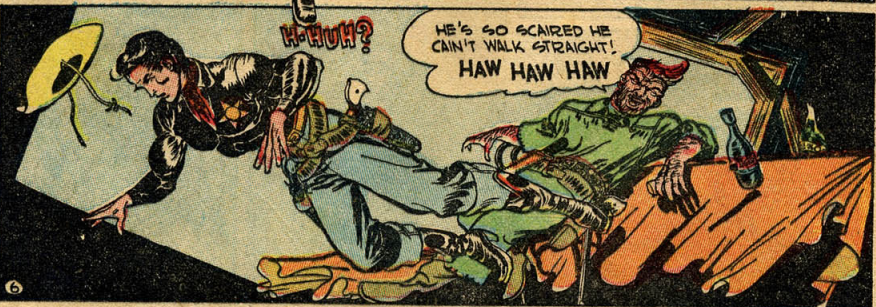


SURE, MIKE! SURE...

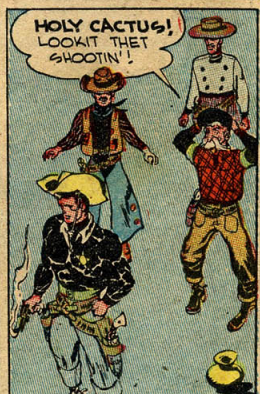


H-HUH?

HE'S SO SCARED HE CAN'T WALK STRAIGHT!  
HAW HAW HAW













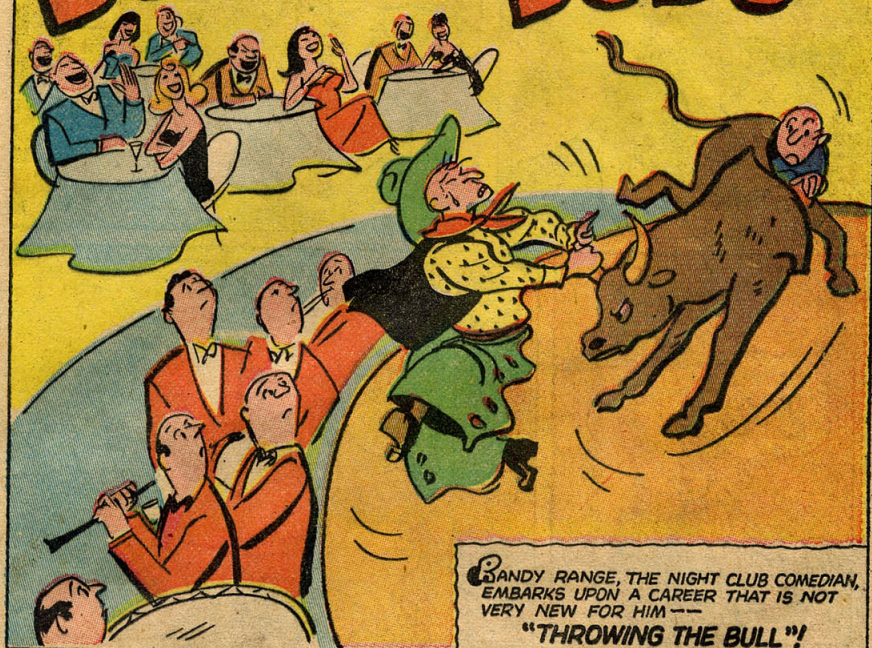


**P**END THE NEXT  
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**COW-PUNCHER  
COMICS**

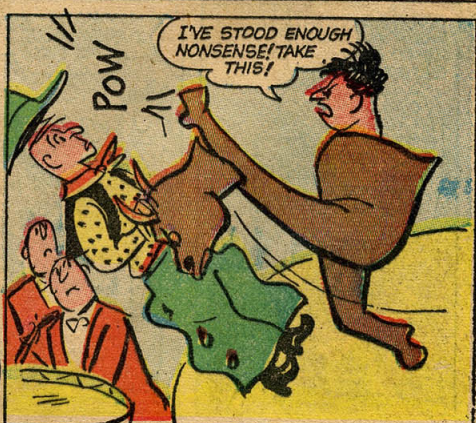
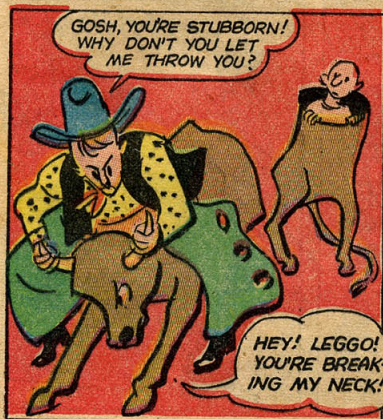
FOR A THRILLING  
ADVENTURE IN  
ALABAMA'S  
CAREER AS  
SHERIFF OF  
BROKEN CREEK!



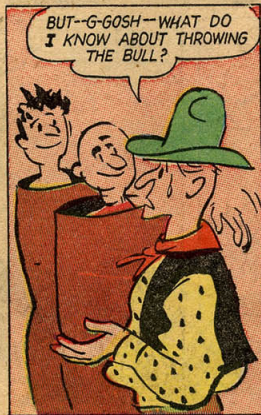
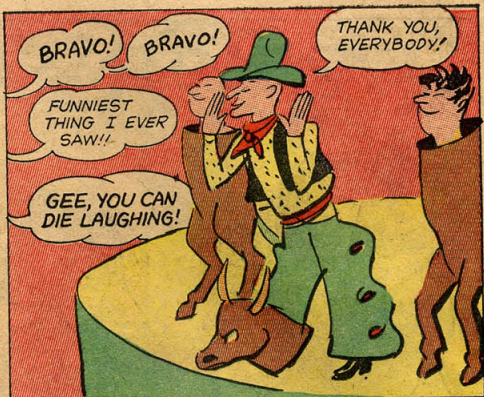
# DEAD-EYE DUDE



SANDY RANGE, THE NIGHT CLUB COMEDIAN, EMBARKS UPON A CAREER THAT IS NOT VERY NEW FOR HIM ---  
**"THROWING THE BULL!"**





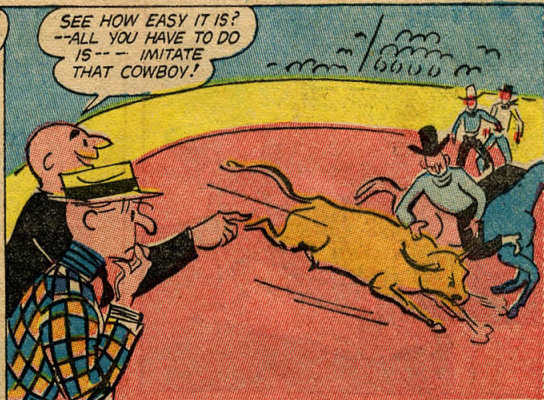




NEXT AFTERNOON...  
AT THE RODEO---  
BUT WOULDN'T IT BE  
HEALTHIER IF I JUST  
LEFT TOWN?

COME ON, RANDY!  
WE'LL GET US A  
BULL IN HERE!

SEE HOW EASY IT IS?  
--ALL YOU HAVE TO DO  
IS--- IMITATE  
THAT COWBOY!



AND I THOUGHT IT HURT  
SITTING ON A TACK!  
I CAN'T LOOK....



IT'S NO DICE, BOYS! IT'S  
A NICER DEATH IF I LET  
THE GUY SHOOT ME!



DON'T CRY, RANDY!  
I GOT IT WITH A  
CAPITAL 'GOT'!

(SOB) --AND  
I'M SO YOUNG  
AND BEAUTIFUL  
TO DIE, TOO--  
(SOB)

S-SURE  
YOU ARE,  
BOSS....



WE'LL BUY A COW AND  
PASTE HORNS ON IT,  
SO'S IT'LL LOOK LIKE  
A BULL!



GEE! -- THAT  
SOUNDS SWELL--

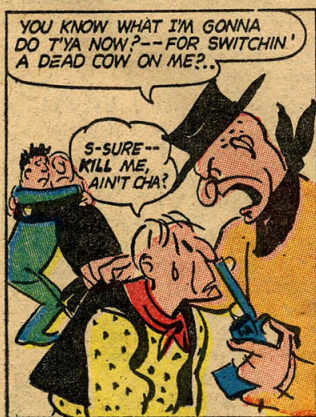
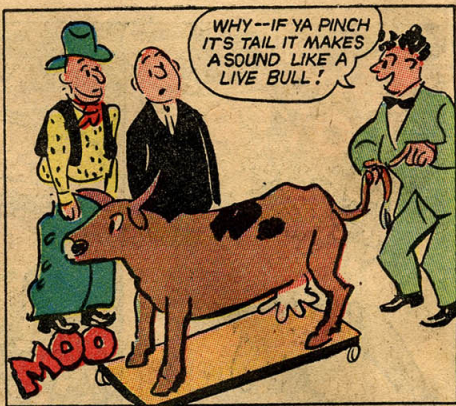
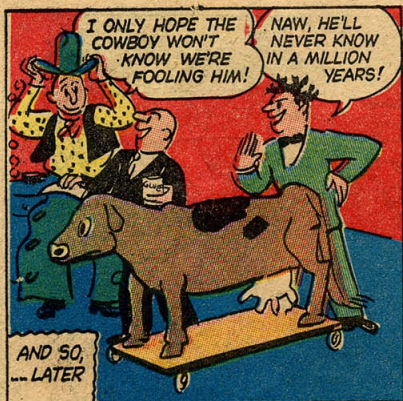
-NOT ONLY WILL WE GET  
A COW, BUT WE'LL GET  
A DEAD ONE, SO ALL  
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO  
IS PUSH HIM OVER!

MEAT



BOYS-- YOU'VE  
SAVED MY  
LIFE!









The wedding was over and the jubilant, giggling crowd escorted the bride and groom to their honeymoon hut. All in all, it had been a memorable occasion. Few Reserve Indians possessed the sweet, statuesque beauty of Falling Leaf, the young bride, or the goodly physique and handsome face of Mountain Bird, her happy husband. No couple was more soundly loved. Few young people had been more sought after as mates than these two. Mixed with the smiling faces of the celebrants were a score of sad, weak-grinning visages of those who had hoped, and lost. Falling Leaf could have had her choice of a hundred men. Any girl would have been thrilled to be Mountain Bird's squaw. But matters did not work out that way. The moment Falling Leaf and Mountain Bird had seen each other, they knew they had been born to meet and to love and to live together to the end of their lives. And now they were married and being convoyed to their home by the wedding guests.

On the threshold of their rude hut, Falling Leaf and Mountain Bird graciously accepted the wedding gifts offered them with fervent good wishes. Knives, lamps, pots, clothing, sewing supplies, a rifle, a chair . . . gifts both small and large, cheap and costly, were proffered and gratefully received. Last in the line was Sergeant

Ken Knight of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. He had known Mountain Bird for years. Many a time had they hunted together and spoken far into the night over the cheery camp fire about the astonishing beauty of one, Falling Leaf, the most lovely girl on the Reservation.

"Do you see this crippled left ear, Falling Leaf?" Ken said to the laughing girl. Ken indicated an organ reddened with the cold. "This ear," continued Ken, "is twisted with the hot utterances of love Mountain Bird has poured into it about a certain gorgeous girl named Falling Leaf! You may rest assured he didn't marry you for your money!"

"Marry ME?" laughed Falling Leaf. "Why, I thought all the time I was marrying HIM!"

"Well, Mountain Bird, here's something I'd like you to have because you married EACH OTHER," rejoined Ken, growing serious. From his pocket he took out a pipe exquisitely worked in sterling silver. Seeing it, Mountain Bird blushed with pleasure. This was quite different from the practicality of the other wedding gifts. The pipe was an exact copy of Ken's own favorite, and Mountain Bird's eyes were moist as he shook hands with Ken.

There was a last hurrah and a last loud good-night from the crowd and



then the wedding couple were left to themselves.

However, no sooner was the area deserted, than a tall shadow sprang from the darkness of the forest fringing the clearing before Mountain Bird's hut. It slinked carefully to the front door and then rapped sharply, twice. Mountain Bird opened the door curiously. Falling Leaf was just behind him, peering puzzledly over her husband's shoulder.

"Long Pipe Stick!" she said. "Why do you see us so late? . . . After the others have gone?" Long Pipe Stick, a tall, ugly Indian, had been one of her most persistent admirers. When he heard that Mountain Bird would be the man of her choice, he had fallen into a rage and would have struck her had Falling Leaf's father not driven him off at the point of a gun. Now he stood in the entrance of her honeymoon home with a sly smile, holding forth a two gallon can of kerosene.

"I, too, have a gift for you," replied Long Pipe Stick. "May I place it inside? It is quite heavy."

Mountain Bird smiled and held open the door. "Of course!" he said.

But as Mountain Bird turned his back to shut the door, Long Pipe Stick whirled, something in his hand gleaming like silver. It was a knife. Mountain Bird never saw the weapon . . . he felt it. Deep into his back it went. Again and again, the slim blade cut into Mountain Bird's life, destroying it with every drop of the ruby blood that ran from his wounds. Mountain Bird took a few steps backwards, the blood in his mouth choking off any cry for help, and then he collapsed in a pool of the crimson liquid running from his body.

"NO! NO!" shrieked Falling Leaf, stumbling away from the bloody knife. Laughing silently, the murderer stumbled after her and seized her. The knife rose and fell mercilessly as he shrieked, "If I can't have you, nobody can!"

Twenty minutes later, Mountain Bird's hut was a blazing furnace. An

hour later, a wailing crowd of Reservation Indians stood helplessly by, watching the house burn clear down to the sod. Sergeant Ken Knight stood with them, his jaw set vise-like, and the tears running down his cheeks. The pity of it!—That accident should so cremate not only their bodies, but their hopes and the hopes of those who had loved the young people! Nobody left the scene until smoke rose from the ruins. Then, in the cold, miserable dawn, Knight and the doctor from the Post began to poke among the ashes and hot metals. The crowd was kept at a distance by Corporal Mellony, who rode down from the nearest detachment to assist Knight.

The first thing Ken noticed was the twisted, scorched can of kerosene, lying where the door used to be. "That's why the thing went so completely," he commented. The doctor nodded assent. But he was busy with other matters. He was bending over two charred, unrecognizable forms. He poked about for a couple of seconds and then emitted a low, excited whistle. "Come here, Knight!" he muttered. Knight crouched beside him as the doctor pointed to a few things.


"They were stabbed about a dozen times before the fire consumed them," whispered the doctor. Ken didn't answer. He saw something else in the burnt, crisp fist of the dead man. From between the bones he took a blackened object. "And I know who killed them, doctor!"

An hour later, Long Pipe Stick was under arrest, his thick wrists encased in handcuffs. His sullen mouth spoke no word, but his eyes did all the necessary talking.

They were glittering coldly at a pipe Knight had taken from the dead fingers of Mountain Bird. It was the same pipe Knight had given his dead friend for a wedding present . . . a pipe with a LONG STEM. It was Mountain Bird's last message to Knight, indicating the murderer . . . a LONG PIPE STICK!



# KIT WEST



**F**OR ONCE IN HER PRETTY YOUNG LIFE, ACE BACKWOODS-WOMAN KIT WEST GOT TOO COURAGEOUS! --HOW SHE BRAVED DOOM AT THE HANDS OF THE WYANDOTTES' CRUELEST CHIEFTAIN, IS THE TALE OF "SPITTING SNAKE'S REVENGE"!!!

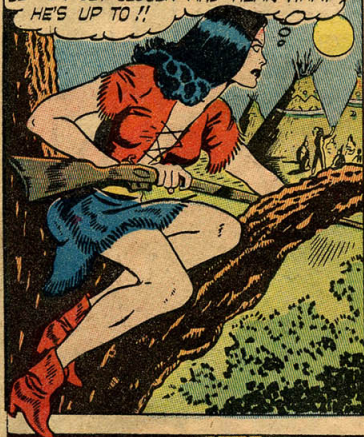
**T**HE WYANDOTTES, THE MOST POWERFUL TRIBE IN THE MID-WEST, HOLD AN IMPORTANT POW-WOW-- WHERE A WHITE MAN SHOWS HIS FACE, THERE HE MUST BE MET BY THE TOMAHAWKS OF THE WYANDOTTES! SHALL WE STAND ASIDE MEEKLY WHILE THE WHITES ROB US OF EVERYTHING?!

THIS IS A WAR TO THE DEATH BETWEEN US AND THE WHITE MAN! WE MUST NOT LOSE THIS WAR! OUR LANDS MUST RUN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF THE INVADER!





THE FIRES OF THE UNDER WORLD---!  
WITH THAT DEVIL, SPITTING SNAKE,  
STIRRING UP SOME NEW MISCHIEF! I'D  
BETTER GET CLOSER AND HEAR WHAT  
HE'S UP TO !!



AT THE SAME TIME, APPROACHING THE VILLAGE---



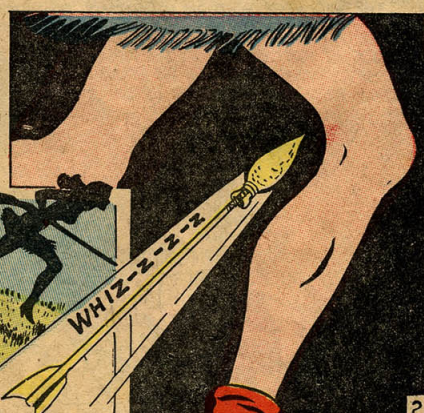
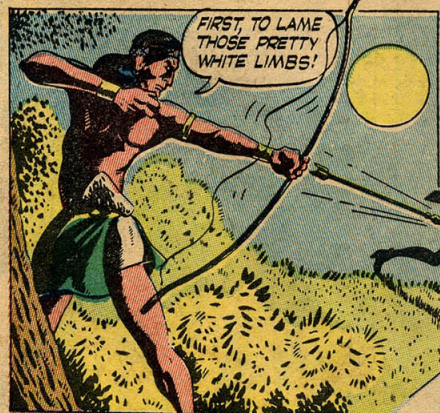
A WHITE  
GIRL !!!  
HOLD YOUR  
FEET!



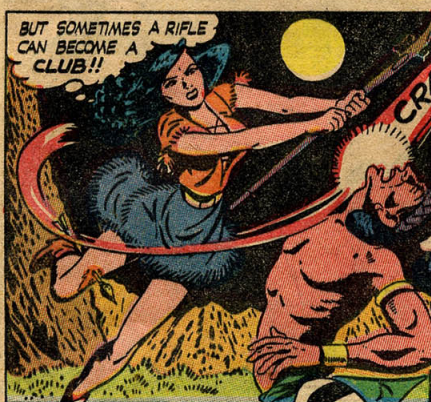
MY FATHER, SPITTING  
SNAKE, WILL LIKE THIS  
WHITE SPY EVEN MORE  
THAN A DEER! I'LL  
BRING THE FOOL IN  
ALIVE!



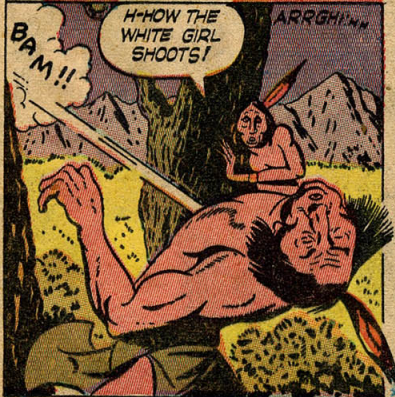
FIRST, TO LAME  
THOSE PRETTY  
WHITE LIMBS!







THE ECHO OF THE SHOT REVERBER-  
ATES IN THE WYANDOTTE VILLAGE---





AT THE SAME TIME--  
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE  
TO RUN WITH THIS  
ARROW IN ME! I'VE  
GOT TO GET IT OUT--  
OH-H-H!!

YOU THOUGHT TO  
KILL ME, EH? I  
SHALL FORGET MY  
FATHER'S PLEASURE--  
I SHALL SLICE YOUR  
FLESH!



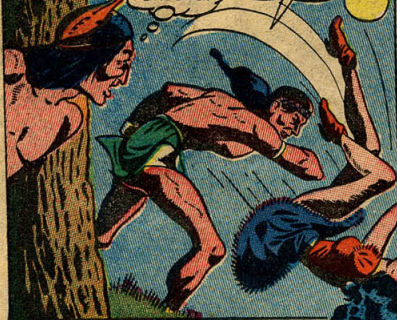
FIRST THINGS FIRST!  
YOU'RE A FIRST  
THING, MY FRIEND--  
ALSO A LAST!

SO YOU SPEAK WYANDOTTE!...  
CLEVER WHITE! SOON YOU WILL  
SCREAM FOR MERCY IN EVERY  
TONGUE--IT WILL DO YOU  
NO GOOD!



HA! LITTLE "SNAKE" DOES  
NOT NEED MY AID! HE HAS  
THE WHITE GIRL ON THE  
GROUND!

NOW CRY  
FOR  
MERCY!



NOT YET,  
BOASTFUL  
FOOL!

UMPH-F



YOUR TOMAHAWK CUTS  
TWO WAYS, LITTLE SNAKE!

(GASP)  
GOT IT!







--IT ALSO CUTS  
FOR ME!

EEE-E-EE



I CAN'T RISK FIRING ON LITTLE  
SNAKE'S PAL--THE WHOLE  
VILLAGE WILL BE WAITING  
FOR ANOTHER SHOT TO  
LEAD THEM TO ME!



ALL I CAN DO NOW IS TO GET A HEAD  
START IN THE RACE--BUT THIS ARROW IN  
MY LEG WILL GIVE ME A HIND START--SO  
OUT IT COMES!! OUCH!!

WHITT-T

JUST A FEW INCHES OF  
FEATHERED WOOD--BUT  
MEANING ALL THE DIFFER-  
ENCE BETWEEN LIFE  
AND---DEATH!

**S**HORTLY  
AFTER--  
THE ESCAPED  
BRAVE COMES UPON THE  
MYSTIFIED SEARCHING PARTY--

O SPITTING SNAKE--YOUR SON IS  
DEAD! A WHITE GIRL HAS KILLED  
HIM! I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES!--

WE WILL  
AVENGE  
YOU, OH  
CHIEF!



LITTLE SNAKE  
DROVE AN ARROW  
INTO HER LEG--  
THE GIRL CANNOT  
RUN FAR--NOR  
FAST!

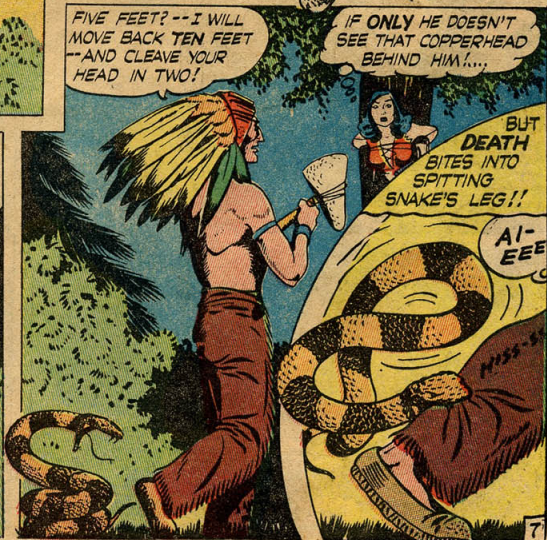
NONE BUT I SHALL  
TRAIL HER! NONE BUT  
I SHALL HAVE HER  
BLOOD! I WANT NO  
AID! THIS IS SPITTING  
SNAKE'S REVENGE!













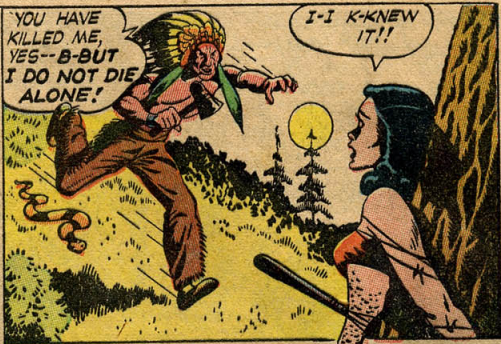
AI-EEE! TRICKED!  
I-TRICKED BY THE  
WHITE WITCH!

OH, LADY  
LUCK, LET THAT  
POISON WORK  
FAST!--HE CAN  
STILL TAKE  
ME WITH  
HIM!!



YOU HAVE  
KILLED ME,  
YES--B-BUT  
I DO NOT DIE  
ALONE!

I-I K-KNEW  
IT!!



MOMENTS LATER--USING THE TOMAHAWK BLADE AS A  
SAW--

SOON AS THIS VINE IS CUT, I CAN  
GET MY ARM FREE!



BUT AS SPITTING SNAKE LEAPS--  
MAYBE THIS'LL MAKE HIM GO  
WITHOUT MY COMPANY!



THEN--  
FREEDOM AND  
ESCAPE!!

NOW--NOT ONLY  
I, BUT A THOUSAND  
WOODSPEOPLE,  
WILL KEEP THEIR  
SCALPS WHERE  
THEY BELONG.  
THANKS TO SOME  
COPPER-COLORED  
OVER-  
CONFIDENCE!



AND SO-- SPITTING SNAKE GOT  
HIS REVENGE!!





# The fighting

JACK  
ROSS.

# PARSON



JOHN WATKINS CAME TO THE WESTERN FRONTIER TO PREACH A GREAT MESSAGE, BUT THE REPLY TO THAT MESSAGE WAS TOO FREQUENTLY ENCLOSED IN STEEL JACKETS FULL OF DEADLY LEAD! AND SO *John Watkins* BECAME THE **FIGHTING PARSON**, THE STRANGEST FIGURE IN THE WEST! AND HIS BLAZING SIX-SHOOTERS PUMPED TERROR INTO THE MOST EVIL HEARTS...EVEN THE HEARTLESS BODIES OF THE... "**POISONED PIPERS!!**"



ONE MORNING IN  
THE TOWN OF  
SQUAW-RIDGE -

ANYTHING TO  
SAY BEFORE WE  
HANG YOU, CLAUDE  
PIPER?

FEELING PRETTY  
GOOD, AIN'TCHA,  
SHERIFF?...LET'S  
SEE HOW YOU FEEL  
WHEN MY BROTHERS  
GET HOLD OF YOU!



THE PIPER BROTHERS ARE GETTIN'  
NOTHIN' BUT **HANGIN'**! AS SHERIFF  
OF SQUAW RIDGE I'M TAKIN' AN OATH...  
I AIN'T RESTIN' TILL THE WHOLE PACK  
OF YOU THIEVIN', MURDERIN' PIPERS  
ARE DANGLIN' FROM  
THIS GALLOW'S!

WAIT AN'  
SEE!



ALL OVER, FOLKS...HIS NECK'S  
BROKE. PIPER'S DEAD!

GOD REST HIS  
SOUL!



JOHN WATKINS, AM I  
GLAD TO SEE **YOU** AGAIN!  
YOUR PREACHING SCHEDULES  
BROUGHT YOU TO SQUAW  
RIDGE ON AN IMPORTANT  
DAY!

SO I SEE. BUT  
CLAUDE'S ONLY ONE  
OUT OF FOUR, BILL.  
YOU'D BETTER KEEP  
AN EYE PEELED  
FOR THE REST OF  
THE PIPERS!



EYES WON'T HELP AGAINST  
THE PIPERS, AS MUCH AS  
**GUNS**, JOHN!...WE'LL SEE  
YOU IN CHURCH  
TOMORROW...

I'M GLAD YOU  
SAID THAT, BILL -  
A LITTLE TRUST  
IN THE LORD WON'T  
HURT, EITHER...



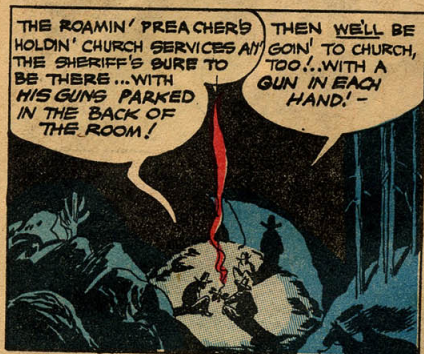




THAT NIGHT  
ON THE  
PRAIRIE...

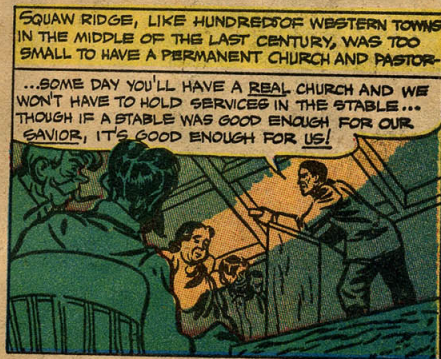
CAN'T WAIT TILL  
MORNIN' - TWO DAYS IS  
TOO LONG WAITIN' TO  
REVENGE CLAUDE!

DON'T WORRY, THE  
SHERIFF'LL BE GAIN-  
ING WEIGHT TOMORROW  
AND NOT FROM FOOD!  
FROM LEAD!



THE ROAMIN' PREACHER'S  
HOLDIN' CHURCH SERVICES AIN'  
THE SHERIFF'S SURE TO  
BE THERE...WITH  
HIS GUNS PARKED  
IN THE BACK OF  
THE ROOM!

THEN WE'LL BE  
GOIN' TO CHURCH,  
TOO...WITH A  
GUN IN EACH  
HAND! -



SQUAW RIDGE, LIKE HUNDREDS OF WESTERN TOWNS  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY, WAS TOO  
SMALL TO HAVE A PERMANENT CHURCH AND PASTOR-

...SOME DAY YOU'LL HAVE A REAL CHURCH AND WE  
WON'T HAVE TO HOLD SERVICES IN THE STABLE...  
THOUGH IF A STABLE WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR OUR  
SAVIOR, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!



AND IT'S  
GOOD  
ENOUGH  
FOR US,  
TOO!

REACH!!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF  
THIS? DON'T YOU REALIZE  
YOU'RE IN CHURCH!?

YOU BET WE DO! WELL,  
SHERIFF, YOU DONE  
ENOUGH PRAYIN!?

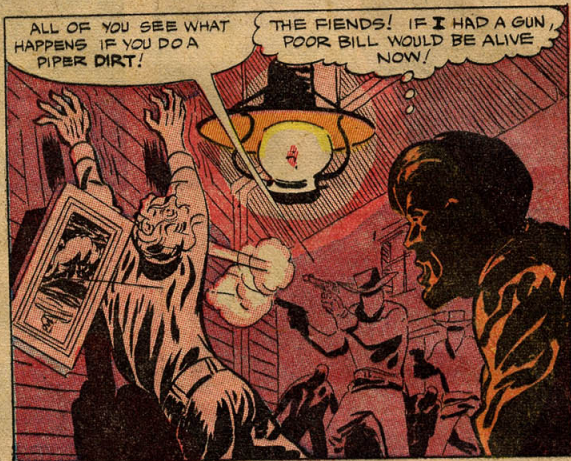


I'M A FOOL - I SHOULD'VE  
KNOWN THE PIPERS'D STOP  
AT NOTHING!

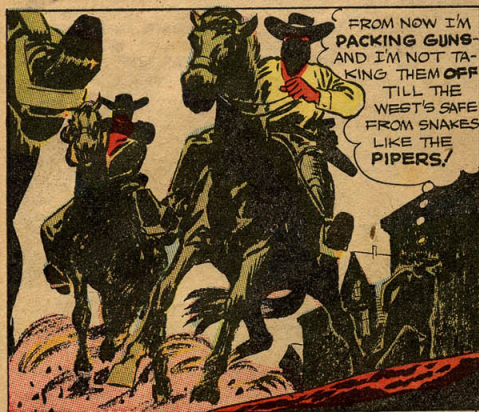
BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE  
THIS MAN...OWW!

I CAN'T,  
MRS









FROM NOW I'M  
**PACKING GUNS-**  
AND I'M NOT TA-  
KING THEM OFF  
TILL THE  
WEST'S SAFE  
FROM SNAKES  
LIKE THE  
PIPERS!

THE NEXT DAY, JOHN IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD!

FIRST TIME I  
EVER SOLD A  
PAIR OF COLTS  
TO A  
**PARSON...**

WELL, I'VE GOT THE  
GUNS...NOW I'VE GOT  
TO LEARN HOW TO **USE**  
THEM!



SO...

MISSED AGAIN...  
GUNS WON'T BE ANY  
GOOD IF I CAN'T **HIT**  
ANYTHING!-I'M PRA-  
CTICING TILL I'M  
PERFECT!



DURING THAT WEEK, PRACTICE  
IN THE FORM OF THOUSAND  
OF SHOTS...HITS THE  
BULLSEYE!

I BEEN STANDIN' HERE  
AN HOUR AN' I AIN'T SEEN  
JOHN MISS ONE YET!



PARSON, IF YOU HIT THEM  
COINS...THERE WON'T BE ANY  
BADMAN THAT KIN STAND  
UP TO YA!...  
HERE GOES!



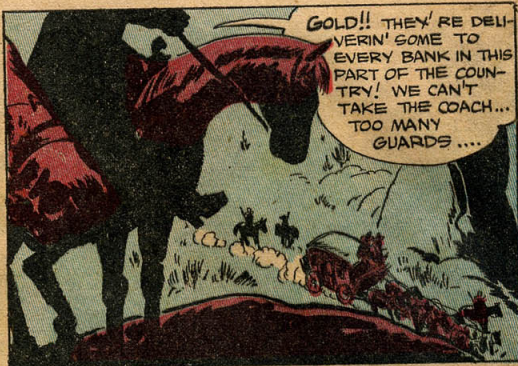
**BANG!**  
**BANG!**



THE SAME DAY, THIRTY MILES OUT OF  
SQUAW RIDGE...

HOLD IT, BOYS ...  
WE'RE PASSING UP  
SOMETHIN' INTERESTIN'!

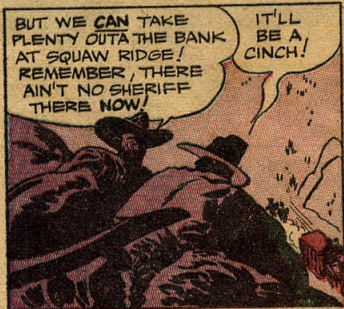
WHAT  
IS IT,  
GIL?



GOLD!! THEY'RE DELI-  
VERIN' SOME TO  
EVERY BANK IN THIS  
PART OF THE COUN-  
TRY! WE CAN'T  
TAKE THE COACH...  
TOO MANY  
GUARDS ....

BUT WE CAN TAKE  
PLENTY OUTA THE BANK  
AT SQUAW RIDGE!  
REMEMBER, THERE  
AIN'T NO SHERIFF  
THERE NOW!

IT'LL  
BE A  
CINCH!



WE PROMISED  
THEY'LL SEE MORE OF  
US - WELL, WE'LL  
KEEP OUR  
PROMISE!



THE NEXT DAY, WHILE JOHN WATKINS PER-  
FORMS A VERY FAMILIAR SERVICE...

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND  
WIFE! YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE.

BUT MARTHY, WHY BE  
YOU CRYIN'Z DON'TCHA  
WANT TA  
KISS ME?



I'M CRYING 'CAUSE  
I'M HAPPY, EPHRAIM...  
H-HUH?

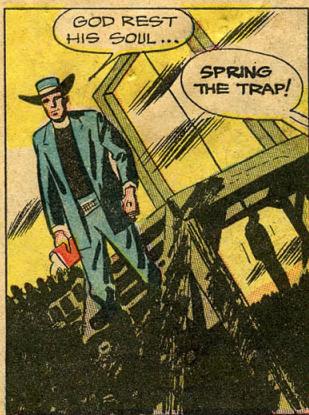
A REVOLVER SHOT...!  
-FROM ACROSS  
STREET!















### IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN THEATRE!

Oh boy! Just imagine being a big movie magnate and producing your own private shows; projecting your own pictures right on the screen in your own home. The COMICSCOPE will bring your dreams true... it's the wonder projector of the times. You can use photographs, comic strips, cartoons, original drawings, films, or small objects and flash them on the screen in technicolor.

**\$1.98**  
Complete  
With Cord  
And Sockets.  
Plus Postage

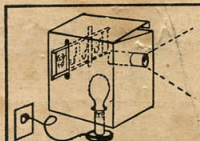
The COMICSCOPE is a *real* projector! It flashes real pictures on any wall or screen. There is no fuss or bother to operate this new 3-WAY COMICSCOPE. The fine lens is adjustable to size and clearness. Everything is complete when you receive your 3-WAY COMICSCOPE too... including extension cord, plug and socket, pictures and screen... The COMICSCOPE operates on AC and DC current. The whole family will enjoy the COMICSCOPE. Just imagine sitting for an evening and seeing photographs from last summer's vacation flashed on the screen... or your own original drawings in a series of pictures compiling a real movie story... or comic strips almost living before your very eyes. The 3-WAY COMICSCOPE is new... it's *entertaining*... it's *fun*... and we guarantee that any child from 7 to 70 will enjoy using it.

### NOW A 3-WAY UNIT

- PICTURE PROJECTOR
- FILM PROJECTOR
- MOVIE VIEWER



U.S. PAT. NO.  
2,301,114



### EASY TO USE

The COMICSCOPE comes complete together with extension cord, plug and socket. After inserting an electric bulb into the socket, it is ready for immediate use. FREE pictures and instructions included. Any child can use a COMICSCOPE.

### PROJECTS and ENLARGES

- PHOTOGRAPHS • PICTURES
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### 5 DAYS

Examine and try the COMICSCOPE FREE for 5 days. If at the end of that time you are not satisfied, then you may return it to us and we will refund your \$1.98 purchase price. PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 2101 72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

**FREE**

PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 2101  
72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.98 plus 11¢ handling and postage costs for my COMICSCOPE. It is understood that I may return it within five days if not satisfied and my money will be refunded.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges.
- ☐ Enclosed find \$2.09 in full payment.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....



# FREE

with your  
order...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

# now GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weakness. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

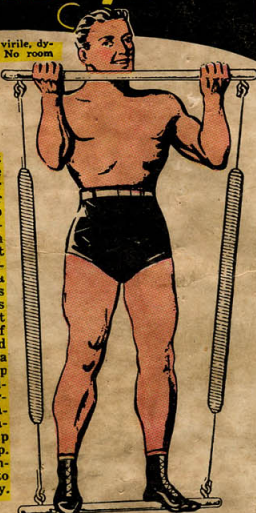
## Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day



### GUARANTEE

If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price

### Send No Money

Sign your name to coupon checking outfit wanted. Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back

You get many specially posed pictorial instructions, a picture showing short cuts to mighty muscles

Muscle Power Co.  
366 E. 153rd St.  
New York 55, N. Y.

## New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

Muscle Power Co., Dept. 1501

366 East 153rd St., New York 55, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

- ☐ Send regular strength chest pull & bar bell combination. Set \$6.95.
- ☐ Send Super strength set at \$7.95.

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)

(Servicemen Note: Sorry, but shipments can only be made in U.S.A. either C.O.D. or prepaid. Rules will not permit shipments to P.P.O. or A.P.O. Canadian shipments accepted cash with order in American funds.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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